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KING PEDRO'S REVENGE.

BY ALAN A. WATTS.

One of the first acts of Don Pedro, on his accession to the throne of Portugal, was to compel the King of Castile to deliver over to his vengeance the murderers of his wife, who, on the death of Alfonso, had fled to that monarch for protection. The one trifling hope, which had been his refuge for ten weary and miserable years, was now approaching its consummation. On the day preceding that on which the prisoners, with their accusers, were expected at Santarem, the king commanded a splendid funeral pile to be erected upon the plain with the city, and a splendid banquet to be spread by its side. On the arrival of the Castilians from Castile, the king was kindled, and, after addressing to the murderers a few words of eloquent invective, in reply to their earnest supplications for mercy, he directed them to be cast into the flames, while he and his assembled soldiers sat down to the magnificent banquet which had been prepared for them. He then, with a look of stern and unrelenting justice, he directed the execution of the traitors, who were consumed by their side.

After thus satisfying his revenge, Don Pedro summoned an assembly of the States at Santarem; and there, in the presence of the Pope's nuncio, solemnly swore on the holy gospels, that, having obtained a dispensation from Rome, he had, secretly, dispensed with the Bishop of Coimbra, and of his master of the wardrobe, both of whom had confirmed the truth of his declaration. Having caused the Pope's Bull, containing the dispensation, to be proclaimed throughout the kingdom, he ordered the remains of his lamented consort to be taken from the grave, invested with all the insignia of royalty, and publicly crowned at Coimbra, where he caused the corpse, and acknowledged her as his lawful queen. After the performance of this ceremony, the body of his late wife was transported from Coimbra to Santarem, and there interred with all the honors due to the consort of a king.

KING PEDRO'S REVENGE.

On Santarem's broad, sunny plain,
There's a rush of hoofs and spear,
And the sudden burst of a warlike strain,
Cannon dancing in the air,
And the banners wave, and the trumpet wail,
And the silver symbols clash;
And sounds are on the faithful gale,
Like a stormy sea's roar.

There's a murmur rising from the crowd
That glows King Pedro's throne;
Like the thunder peal, that from cloud to cloud,
In its gathering might rolls on;
And the shout that cleaves the noon-day sky,
To a wider shout gives rise;
Which swells like an army's battle-cry,
Till it shakes the solid earth.

'Tis the fierce triumphant voice of hate,
Of blood the eager call;
'Tis the tiger's yell for his murdered mate,
Ere he smites to the ground him all;
And ten thousand hearts exult as he
When that welcome hand draws near;
And their shout, like the hoarse of merry towns,
Still rings on the desert air.

What precious offering do they bring,
To feed a monarch's pride?
A crown of gold, and rich robes of art,
Nor jewels nor gold, rich robes of art,
Nor jewels nor gold, rich robes of art,
Nor jewels nor gold, rich robes of art,
Nor jewels nor gold, rich robes of art,
Nor jewels nor gold, rich robes of art.

The murderers of the martyred bride,
Who should have shared his crown,
The felon slaves that had defied
So long his wrath and scorn;
Are given to his red hand at last—
Stand fettered in his sight;
And his kindling glance is on them cast,
With a fierce and grim delight!

'Demons—say, how few leaving here,
Your deeds are fixed, your names are set;
And each man's name is in my ear,
As ye yourselves the silent dead—
The silent dead—and but for you,
The partner of my king's life;
But a treasure to his passing breath,
More precious, more precious far!

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'Sweet fate! by thy guileless blood,
Unshedded wail, and fruitless tears;
By the love, even death hath not subdued;
By the calm delights of our early years;
By my widowed bosom and withered breast;
By my broken hopes and burning brain;
By the feeling, now a life of pain;
By the love, now a life of pain!

'My vengeance shall not sleep!—and they
Who deem thy earthly reign is o'er,
Shall yet to thee their homage pay;
With and they shall feel thee here;
Shall see thee sitting by my side,
Uprisen from thy silent rest;
The sharer of my grief and joy;
A queen—my queen, my queen!

'But hark! the signal trumpet's peal;
The pile is laid—the banquet spread;
Why gleams so many a shining steel?
Above each recreant traitor's head!
Put up your shining swords and pride!
To give you're a lifeless prey!
I will not 'bute a single pain
To guile like this—away! away!

King Pedro sits at his festal board,
By his nobles compassed round;
And the sparkling wine and like water poured,
As each golden cup is crowned,
The shrieks that late their smokes stirred,
At length resound no more;
And the thirst of vengeance, long deferred,
Is quelled now and o'er.

Met Alouba's stored gloom,
Two sculptured figures each;
A woman's own, in youth's first bloom;
A queen—a saint by many a sign!
There's a crown upon her placid brow,
And a regal robe around her throws;
And charms that bid the gaze hover,
Are breathing from that simple stone.

And a warrior king is sleeping near,
With his crown and scepter by his side;
With a knitted brow and look severe,
And a lip of stern and stern pride;
His hand hath laid unsheathed his sword,
As if some mortal foe defied;
He breathes some wild, revengeful word;
—'Twas thus King Pedro died!

TINE FLIES—AND WHAT THEN?

How swift the painless Time puts on,
To urge his flight away!
To-day is soon the yesterday—
To-morrow is to-day.

Thus days, and weeks, and months, and years,
Depart from mortal view,
As sadly through this vale of tears,
Our journey we pursue!

Yet grieve not, man, that thus he flies,
He hastes thee to thy rest;
The virtuous man that sooted does,
Is content with the best.

DARBY O'REILLY.

"In the good old times there existed in Ireland a race of mortals, who, under the denomination of 'poor scholars,' used to travel from parish to parish, and county to county, in order to increase their stock of knowledge. These poor scholars were for the most part men of from twenty to five-and-twenty years of age; and as they were also agreeable, social fellows, who during their peregrinations had acquired a fund of anecdote, could tell a good story, and never refused to lend a helping hand in any business that was going forward, they were received with a *cade mille faillha* at every farmer's house throughout the country, where they were welcome to stay as long as they pleased. It happened one evening in the month of July, that one of these peripatetic, stout, platter-faced mortals, by name Darby O'Reilly (the very same it was who had invented the famous stone soup), made his appearance at the house of the widow Fleming, who dwelt not far from the old church of Kileummin. Now, the widow Fleming, who since her husband's death had taken the entire management of a large farm upon herself, was very glad to see Darby O'Reilly for a variety of reasons. In the first place it was the hay harvest, and Darby would lend a helping hand and keep the men in good humour at their work with his merry stories; then he could teach the children great A B C of an evening; and then she was a lone woman, and Darby was a pleasant companion, and an old acquaintance moreover. Whether this last idea was of deeper root than the others is not for me to say, but certain it is that Darby received on the present occasion more than a common welcome from the widow Fleming. After having partaken of the good cheer which the widow set before him in the greatest profusion, and having renewed his acquaintance with the inmates of the house, even to Darby the dog that was called after him, and the cat, he proposed to step down to the parish jig-house, just to shuffle the brogue with his old sweethearts, hear the news, and see how the neighbours were getting on—for it was near a twelve month since he had been in that part of the country. Now whether it was the mention of sweethearts that disagreed with the widow, or what ever else might have been the cause, it is certain that she was much against Darby's going to the jig-house; but seeing that she could not with any decency or effect gainsay his intentions she was obliged to assent, at the same time however warning him to be back early, and not to keep up the house. Away he went to the jig-house where he found himself quite at home, and as welcome as the flowers of May. Fine fun he had of it, for the pipes played merrily up while he footed it bravely with the prettiest girls and best moonee jiggers in all the barony. To speak the truth he wasn't a bad hand at a jig himself, for there were few could equal him in the 'heel and toe' step; and then he put such life and spirit into his motions, that he made the house ring again with his grinding and the merry snap of his fingers. But your dancing is droughly work—at least Darby O'Reilly was of that opinion, although there was no fear of his dying for the want of a drop to drink, as he had news for the old and stories for the young, till at last it was Darby here and Darby there, and who but Darby? The soul of merriment, and the prince of good fellows, every one striving who should be the first to treat him, Darby soon became as comfortable as any gentleman could wish to be. But while Darby was drinking, and dancing, and making merry, he never remembered it was time to go home, or bestowed a single thought upon the widow Fleming's good advice, which was very ungrateful of him, considering the civil way she had behaved to him, and that she was even then herself sitting up waiting his return.

The longest day will have an end, and the greatest merriment must at length give way to repose, as Darby found to his sorrow, when the party broke up, and he had to stagger away as well as he could. He was so much 'in the wind' that he didn't well know which way he was going; and as bad luck would have it, he went every way but the right; for instead of keeping the straight road, by way of making a short cut he turned off through the fields; and after wandering about for as good as an hour, where should he find himself but in the old fort at Clanteens. A bad place it is to get into at the dead hour of the night, when the good people are going their rounds and making merry, as Darby soon found; for though it was easy enough to get into the fort, he couldn't get out again for the life of him: it even appeared to him as if the fort had increased its dimensions to a boundless extent.

He wandered up and down and round about for a long time; without ever being able to get out, and was obliged at last to content himself where he was, so down he sat on a stone. 'There's a small fun sitting on a cold stone in the moonshine,' muttered Darby; 'and sure it's a pitiful case to be bewitched by the faeries,—the good people I mean,—and stuck fast in the middle of an odd fort; but there's no help for it, so what can't be cured must be endured.' No sooner had he come to this very wise conclusion, than he heard a most tremendous hammering under the very stone he was sitting on. 'O Darby!' cried he, 'what'll become of you now?' Plucking up his courage, he boldly took a peep beneath the stone, when what should he see but a clurricane sitting

under a projecting ledge of what had been his seat, and hammering as hard as he could at the heel of an old shoe. Although Darby was very much afraid of the faeries, he wasn't a bit in dread of the clurricane; for they say if you catch a clurricane and keep him fast, he'll show you where his purse is hid, and make a rich man of you. But it wasn't thinking of purses Darby was for, he'd rather be out of the fort than to get all the purses in the world. So when he saw the clurricane, it came into his head that maybe he'd lend him a helping hand, for they say the little fellow is fond of a drop himself. 'Success to you, my boy, you are a good hand at a shoe, any how,' said Darby, addressing himself to the clurricane. 'Ah! Darby, my jolly buck, is that you?' said the clurricane, getting up from his work and looking him full in the face. 'The very same, at your honour's service,' answered Darby. 'What brought you here?' said the clurricane; 'I'm thinking you've got yourself into a bit of a scrape.' 'Fakes then, your honour, I'm thinking the very same,' said Darby; 'if your honour doesn't lend me a helping hand.' So he told him how he had stopped at the widow Fleming's, how he went down to the jig-house, and being a little overtaken in liquor, how he wandered through the fields until he found himself in the old fort, and wasn't able to make his way out again. 'You're in a bad case, Darby,' said the clurricane; 'for the good people will be here directly, and if they find you before them, they'll play the pucker with you.' 'Oh, murder!' cried Darby. 'I throw my life upon the heel of your honour's shoe.' 'Well,' said the clurricane, 'you're a rollocking lad as ever tipped a can, and it's a pity any harm should ever come of taking a drop of good drink—so give me your hand, and I'll save you—and as you never did any hurt to me or mine, I'll do more than that for you, Darby. Here, take this charm, and you are made for ever, my man.' And what's the nature of it?' said Darby, at the same time putting it into his right-hand breeches-pocket, and buttoning it up tight. 'I'll tell you that,' said the clurricane; 'if you only pin it to the petticoat of the first woman in the land she'll follow you the wide world over; and that's no bad thing for a poor scholar.' So saying, the clurricane took him out of the fort, put him on the straight road, and wishing him success with the charm, burst into a fit of laughter and disappeared. 'Good riddance of you, any how,—but 'tis an ugly laugh you have with you,' said Darby, as he made the best of his way to the widow Fleming's, who was in no great humour, and no wonder, to be kept up so late by such a drunken blitherer as Darby. Now, when he saw the widow in a bit of a fret, 'Hot by my soul,' said he, 'I've the cure in my breeches-pocket.' So with that he butts with the charm, and pinned it slyly to the widow's gown. 'I've charmed her now,' says Darby, 'if there's any truth in that little chap of a clurricane.' And certainly there was soon a wonderful change in the widow, who, from being as glum as a misty morning, became as soft as butter. So very careful was she of Darby, that, late as it was, she made down a good fire, lest he should be cold after the night, brought him a supper of the best the house could afford, and had as much *coorram* about him as if he was lord of the land. Darby grinned with delight at the success of his charm; but he was soon made to grin at the wrong side of his mouth; for the widow, in the midst of her love, chanced to discover the charm that was pinned to the tail of her gown. 'What's this you've pinned to my gown, you rogue you?' said she, at the same time, flinging it into the fire. 'Botheration!' roared Paddy, 'I'm settled for now; and no wonder he should roar, for the charm took instant effect; and the fire jumped *holas bolus* after Darby, who made for the door, and away he went as fast as his legs could carry him. But if he did, the fire came after him, roaring and blazing as if there were a thousand tar-barrels in the middle of it. Away he ran for the bare life, across the country, over hedge and ditch, for as good as two miles; neither stopping nor staying till he came to a deep well on a high farm, between Tullig and Gleun a Heelah, when he should he meet but his old friend the clurricane. 'Arrah, Darby!' says the little fellow, 'you seem to be in a wonderful hurry; where are you going so fast, man, that you wouldn't stop to *spake* to an old acquaintance?' 'Bad luck to you, you deceitful hop of my thumb,' said Darby; 'for sure it's all along of you and your charm that I'm in the neat way I am this blessed night.'

'And that's my thanks for saving you from the good people,' says the clurricane; 'very well, Mister Darby, there's the fire at your heels, and who's to save you now?' 'O! thunder alive! sure you wouldn't be after saving Darby that way.' 'Well,' said the clurricane, 'I'll take compassion on you this once; so here's my advice, leap into the well, and you'll be safe.' 'Is it into the well you *mane*,' says Darby, 'why then do you take me for a fool entirely?' 'O! you're a very wise man to be sure, seeing you're a scholar, Darby; so you may take your own way if you like, and welcome. Good night to you, Darby O'Reilly,' said the spiteful little fellow, slapping his cocked hat on his head, and walking off with a most malicious grin. 'Good night to you, Darby O'Reilly,' 'Murder! murder!' shouted Darby, for by this time the fire had come so near that it began to scorch him; when seeing there was no alternative, and thinking it better to be drowned than burned, he made a desper-

ate plunge into the well. Souse he went in to the well, and souse went the fire after him. Immediately the water bubbled, sparkled, growled, and rose above the verge of the well, filling with the velocity of lightning all the adjacent hollow grounds, until it formed one of those little sparkling lakes which are so numerous in this hilly country. Darby was borne with the speed of a whirlwind on the top of a curling billow, and cast senseless on the shore. The first thing he saw on awaking from his trance was the sun shining over him; the first voice he heard was that of the widow Fleming, who had travelled far and near in search of him; and the first word that Darby uttered, upon thoroughly recovering himself, was, 'Bad luck to the good people, for sure 'tis they that have been playing tricks upon me all the night.' Then he up and told the widow Fleming and the neighbours the whole history of his night's adventure. 'It's drunk you were, Darby, and you know it,' said the widow; 'you're a bad boy, Darby.' But whatever was the cause, whether Darby got the charm from the clurricane or not, it is certain that the widow Fleming not long after became Mrs. O'Reilly, and that Loch Bran, or the Lake of the burning Cole, is to be seen to this day.

FROM THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

Expedition of the Marquis of Cadiz against Alhama.

Great was the indignation of King Ferdinand, when he heard of the storming of Zahara—more especially as it had anticipated his intention of giving the first blow in this eventful war. He valued himself upon his deep and prudent policy; and there is nothing which politic monarchs can less forgive, than thus being forestalled by an adversary. He immediately issued orders to all the adelantados and alcaides of the frontiers, to maintain the utmost vigilance at their several posts, and to prepare to carry fire and sword into the territories of the Moors.

Among the most valiant cavaliers who rallied round the throne of Ferdinand and Isabella, one of the most eminent in rank and renowned in arms was Don Rodrigo Ponce de Leon, Marquis of Cadiz. As he was the distinguished champion of this holy war, and commanded in most of its enterprises and battles, it is meet that some particular account should be given of him. He was born in 1443, of the valiant lineage of the Ponces, and from his earliest youth had rendered himself illustrious in the field. He was of the middle stature, with a muscular and powerful frame, capable of great exertion and fatigue. His hair and beard were red and curled, his countenance was open and magnanimous, of a ruddy complexion, and slightly marked with the small pox. He was temperate, chaste, valiant, vigilant; a just and generous master to his vassals; frank and noble in his deportment towards his equals; loving and faithful to his friends; fierce and terrible, yet magnanimous, to his enemies. He was considered the mirror of chivalry of his times, and compared by contemporary historians to the immortal Cid.

The Marquis of Cadiz had vast possessions in the most fertile parts of Andalusia, including many towns and castles, and could lead forth an army into the field from his own vassals and dependants. On receiving the orders of the king, he burned to signalize himself by some sudden incursion into the kingdom of Granada, that should give a brilliant commencement to the war, and should console the sovereigns for the insult they had received in the capture of Zahara. As his estates lay near to the Moorish frontiers, he was subject to sudden incursions, he had always in his pay numbers of *adallides*, or scouts and guides, many of them converted Moors. These he sent out in all directions, to watch the movements of the enemy, and to procure all kinds of information important to the security of the frontier. One of these spies came to him one day in the town of Marchena, and informed him that the Moorish town of Alhama was slightly garrisoned and negligently guarded, and might be taken by surprise. This was a large, wealthy, and populous place, within a few leagues of Granada. It was situated on a rocky height, nearly surrounded by a river, and defended by a fortress to which there was no access but by a steep and rugged ascent. The strength of its situation, and its being embosomed in the centre of the kingdom, had produced the careless security which now invited attack.

To ascertain fully the state of the fortress, the Marquis dispatched secretly a veteran soldier, who was highly in his confidence. His name was Ortega de Prado, a man of great activity, shrewdness, and valor, and captain of escaladors, or those employed to scale the walls of fortresses in time of attack. Ortega approached Alhama one moonlight night, and paced along its walls with noiseless step, laying his ear occasionally to the ground or to the wall. Every time he distinguished the measured tread of a sentinel, and now and then the challenge of the night-watch going its rounds. Finding the town thus guarded, he clambered to the castle, and there all was silent. As he ranged its lofty battlements, between him and the sky he saw no sentinel on duty. He noticed certain places where the wall might be ascended by scaling ladders; and, having marked the hour of relieving guard, and made all necessary observations, he retired without being discovered.

Ortega returned to Marchena, and assured the Marquis of Cadiz of the practicability of scaling the castle of Alhama, and taking it by surprise. The Marquis had a secret conference with Don Pedro Henriquez, Adelantado of Andalusia; Don Diego de Merlo, commander of Seville; and Sancho de Avila, alcaide of Carmona, who all agreed to aid him with their forces. On an appointed day, the several commanders assembled at Marchena with their troops and retainers. Next day the leaders knew the object or destination of the enterprise; but it was enough to rouse the Andalusian spirit, to know that a foray was intended into the country of their old enemies, the Moors. Secrecy and celerity were necessary for success. They set out promptly, with three thousand genetes, or light cavalry, and four thousand infantry. They chose a route but little travelled, by the way of Antiquera, passing with great labor thro' rugged and solitary defiles of the Sierra, or chain of mountains of Alferia, and left all their baggage on the banks of the river Yeguas, to be brought after them. Their march was principally by night; all day they remained quiet; no noise was suffered in their camp, and no fires were made, lest the smoke should betray them. On the third day they resumed their march as the evening darkened, and forcing themselves forward

at as quick a pace as the rugged and dangerous mountain roads would permit, they descended towards midnight into a small deep valley, only half a league from Alhama. Here they made a halt, fatigued by this forced march, during a long dark evening towards the end of February.

The Marquis of Cadiz now explained to the troops, the object of the expedition. He told them it was for the glory of the most holy faith, and to avenge the wrongs of their countrymen of Zahara; and that the rich town of Alhama, full of wealthy spoil, was the place to be attacked. The troops were roused to new ardor by these words, and desired to be led forthwith to the assault. They arrived close to Alhama about two hours before day-break. Here the army remained in ambush, while three hundred men were despatched to scale the walls and get possession of the castle. They were picked men, many of them alcaides and officers, men who preferred death to dishonor. This gallant band was guided by the escalador Ortega de Prado, at the head of thirty men with scaling-ladders. They clambered the ascent to the castle in silence, and arrived under the dark shadow of its towers without being discovered. Not a light was to be seen, not a sound to be heard the whole place was wrapped in profound repose.

Fixing their ladders, they ascended cautiously and with noiseless steps. Ortega was the first that mounted upon the battlements, followed by Don Martin Galindez, a youthful esquire, full of spirit and eager for distinction. Moving stealthily along the parapet to the portal of the citadel, they came upon the sentinel by surprise. Ortega seized him by the throat, brandished a dagger before his eyes, and ordered him to point the way to the guard-room. The sentinel obeyed, and was instantly despatched, to prevent his giving alarm. The guard-room was a scene rather of massacre than combat. Some of the soldiery were killed while sleeping, others were cut down almost without resistance, bewildered by so unexpected an assault; all were despatched, for the scaling party was too small to make prisoners or to spare. The alarm spread throughout the castle, but by this time the three hundred picked men had mounted the battlements.

The garrison, startled from sleep, found the enemy already masters of the towers. Some of the Moors were cut down at once, others fought desperately from room to room, and the whole castle resounded with the clash of arms, the cries of the combatants, and the groans of the wounded. The army in ambush, finding by the uproar that the castle was surprised, now rushed from their concealment, and approached the walls with loud shouts, and sound of kettle-drums and trumpets, to increase the confusion and dismay of the garrison. A violent conflict took place in the court of the castle, where several of the scaling party sought to throw down the gates to admit their countrymen. Here fell two valiant alcaides, Nicholas de Roja and Sancho de Avila; but they fell honorably, upon a heap of slain. At length Ortega de Prado succeeded in throwing open a postern, through which the Marquis of Cadiz, the adelantado of Andalusia, and Don Diego de Merlo, entered with a host of followers, and the castle remained in full possession of the Christians.

As the Spanish cavaliers were ranging from room to room, the Marquis of Cadiz, entering an apartment of superior richness to the rest, beheld, by the light of a silver lamp, a beautiful Moorish female the wife of the alcaide of the castle, whose husband was absent, attending a wedding feast at Velazquez. She would have fled at the sight of a Christian warrior in the apartment, but entangled in the covering of the bed she fell at the feet of the Marquis, imploring mercy. The Christian cavalier, who had a soul full of honor and courtesy to the sex, raised her from the floor and endeavored to allay her fears; but they were increased at the sight of her female attendants pursued into the room by the Spanish army. The Marquis reproached his soldiers with their unmanly conduct, and reminded them that they made war upon men, not on defenceless women. Having soothed the terrors of the females by the promise of honorable protection, he appointed a trusty guard to watch over the security of their apartment.

The castle was now taken; but the town below it was in arms. It was broad day, and the people, recovered from their panic, were enabled to see and estimate the force of the enemy. The inhabitants were chiefly merchants and tradespeople; but the Moors all possessed a knowledge of the use of weapons, and were of brave and warlike spirit. They confided in the strength of their walls, and the certainty of speedy relief from Granada, which was but about eight leagues distant. Manning the battlements and towers, they discharged showers of stones and arrows, whenever the part of the Christian army, without the walls, attempted to approach. They barricaded the entrances of their streets, also, which opened towards the castle; stationing men expert at the cross-bow and arquebus. These kept up a constant fire upon the gates of the castle, so that no one could safely forth without being instantly shot down. Two valiant cavaliers, who attempted to lead forth a party in defiance of this fatal tempest, were shot dead at the very portal.

The Christians now found themselves in a situation of great peril. Reinforcements must soon arrive to the enemy from Granada; unless therefore, they gained possession of the town in the course of the day, they were likely to be surrounded and beleaguered, without provisions, in the castle. Some observed that, even if they took the town, they should not be able to maintain possession of it. They proposed, therefore, to make booty of every thing valuable, to sack the castle, set it on fire, and make good their retreat to Seville.

The Marquis of Cadiz was of different counsel. 'God has given the citadel into Christian hands,' said he, 'he will no doubt strengthen them to maintain it. We have gained the place with difficulty and bloodshed; it would be a stain upon our honor to abandon it through fear of imaginary dangers. The Adelantado and Diego de Merlo, joined in his opinion; but without their earnest and united remonstrances, the place would have been abandoned; so exhausted were the troops by forced marches and hard fighting, and so apprehensive of the approach of the Moors of Granada.

The strength and spirit of the party within the castle, were in some degree restored by the provisions which they found. The Christian army, being thus refreshed by the aid of a morning's repose, advanced vigorously to the attack of the walls. They planted their scaling-ladders, and, with sword in hand, fought fiercely with the Moorish soldier upon the ramparts.

perilous moment, by assuring them that the place should be given up to plunder, and its inhabitants made captives.

The breach being made the Marquis put himself at the head of his troops, and entered sword in hand. A simultaneous attack was made by the Christians in every part,—by the ramparts, by the gate, by the roofs and walls which connect the castle with the town. The Moors fought valiantly in the breach, comprising almost their wounds nor the death of their companions; but continued fighting until they fell, and seemed as if, when they could no longer contend, they would block up the thresholds of their beloved homes with their mangled bodies. The Christians fought for glory, for revenge, for the holy faith, and for the spoils of these wealthy infidels. Success would place a rich town at their mercy—failure would deliver them into the hands of the tyrant of Granada.

The contest raged from morning until night, when the Moors began to yield. Retreating to a large mosque near the walls, they kept up so galling a fire from it with lances, cross-bows, and arquebuses, that for some time the Christians dared not approach. Covering themselves, at length, with bucklers and mantlets, to protect them from the deadly shower, they made their way to the mosque, and set fire to the doors. When the smoke and flames rolled in upon them, the Moors gave up all as lost. Many rushed forth desperately upon the enemy, but were immediately slain; the rest surrendered themselves captives.

The struggle was now at an end; the town remained at the mercy of the Christians; and the inhabitants, both male and female, became the slaves of those who made them prisoners. Some few escaped by a mine or subterranean way, which led to the river, and concealed themselves, their wives and children, in caves and secret places; but in three or four days, were compelled to surrender themselves through hunger.

The town was given up to plunder, and the booty was immense. There were found prodigious quantities of gold and silver, and jewels, and rich silks, and costly stuffs of all kinds; together with horses and beasts, and abundance of grain and oil, and honey, and other productions of this fruitful kingdom;—for in Alhama were collected the royal rents and tributes of the surrounding country; it was the richest town in the Moorish territory, and, from its great strength and its peculiar situation, was called the key of Granada.

Great waste and devastation were committed by the Spanish soldiers, for thinking it would be impossible to keep possession of the place, they began to destroy whatever they could not take away. Immense jars of oil were broken, costly furniture shattered to pieces, and magazines of grain broken open, and their contents scattered to the winds. Many Christian captives, who had been taken at Zahara, were found buried in a Moorish dungeon, and were triumphantly reeking with light and liberty;—a strange contrast to the Moorish captives, who were found in the surrounding country; it was the richest town in the Moorish territory, and, from its great strength and its peculiar situation, was called the key of Granada.

Master!—a moveable puppet, made of thick phylax, to protect troops, when advancing to assault a walled place.

HOW TO PREPARE FOR A FLOGGING.

Geo. S.—a late lieutenant in the U. S. army, was one of the most eccentric fellows in the world. When a boy, having incurred the displeasure of his father, the latter called him to an account; and after examining him as to the why and wherefore of his misconduct, resolved on applying the rod, now more fashionably called the cane, which was the punishment he thought a more salutary effect than of inflicting it immediately, he gave the culprit time to reflect, and chew the bitter cud of repentance made ten times more bitter by the anticipation of what was to follow. 'George,' said he, 'you may go for the present, but prepare yourself early to-morrow morning, for the most severe flogging you ever had.' George retired, and the next morning, bright and early, appeared before his father to undergo the execution of his sentence. 'Take off your coat, George,' was the stern command. Off went the coat, and the father standing with the well-prepared hickory in his hand, observed that his son's back, from one extremity to the other, appeared unusually protuberant. 'What have you got on your back?' said he. 'My jacket,' replied the boy. 'Well, what have you got under it?' demanded the father. 'A leather apron four double,' replied the lad. 'A leather apron, have you indeed; and what's that for?' 'Why, pa, said the youngster with a grave countenance, 'you told me to prepare for a flogging, and I got as well prepared as I could.' The angry father now turned away to hide a laugh, and the boy escaped a flogging by being so well prepared for it.

BEE MOTHS.

The sagacity of man enables him to discover the peculiar habits, which instinct leads the subordinate creation to adopt for self preservation; and his inventive faculty frequently suggests to him, some mode, by which the instinctive habits of some are noxious may be conducive to their destruction. Thus we discover that instinct teaches the *Bee moth* to secrete herself during the day in the corners of the hive. All, therefore, take such advantage of this fact as that this most pernicious enemy shall rush to its own destruction. For this purpose let the orifice of the hive be four inches wide, and one inch high. At the commencement of the season for the moth, place a shingle on the bottom of the hive. You will find in the morning that almost every moth has taken refuge under it. They are thus readily dispatched. This is the mode I have practised with my own bees, and not a single hive has ever been injured.—A. E. Farmer.

FORCES OF THE INQUISITION.

The following was among the modes of torture adopted by the inquisition in Spain, as late as 1820. The condemned was laid upon his back, and fastened in a groove upon a table.—Above him was suspended a pendulum, having a sharp edge, and so constructed, as to become longer by every movement. The unhappy victim was thus made to see the instrument of his torture swinging to and fro, and every moment feeling its edge cutting deeper and deeper until all sense of feeling became extinguished!



PHILADELPHIA:

MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 9, 1829.

ADVERTISEMENTS continued in this day's paper will be attended to in our next.

We are indebted to a gentleman at HARRISBURG for the information that the HARRISBURG CONVENTION, on Friday, nominated GEORGE WOLF, of NORTHAMPTON COUNTY, as their candidate for the office of GOVERNOR of PENNSYLVANIA. The vote, on the 15th ballot, was 70 for Mr. WOLF, 64 for General BARNARD. Our correspondent's letter was received on Saturday, but not until after our paper had gone to press.

The Senate, on the 5th inst., confirmed the nomination of MARTIN VAN BUREN, of NEW YORK, as Secretary of State, and SAMUEL D. INGHAM, of PENNSYLVANIA, as Secretary of the Treasury. The present POSTMASTER GENERAL is said to have been nominated to the vacant seat on the Bench of the Supreme Court, and JOHN W. CAMERON to be District Judge of Ohio.

In a case of little importance lately tried before Mr. JUSTICE PARK, in the ENGLISH COURT of Common Pleas, the Judge recommended a reference, to which the defendant counsel was willing to agree; but Sergeant SPARKES, for the plaintiff, said that his client would not consent. The following conversation took place between the Judge and the Barrister.

Mr. JUSTICE PARK said, that in such cases counsel should be guided by their own honorable feelings, and should not suffer their better judgment to be biased by their clients, the attorneys. When he was at the bar, he never consulted an attorney under such circumstances.

Mr. SPARKES said, "I am afraid, my Lord, if I do not consult the attorney, they will not consult me." (A laugh.)

Mr. JUSTICE PARK observed, with some warmth, that he was convinced the honorable feeling of brother Sparkes never had been, and never would be, governed by such a consideration. He was only sorry that his learned brother should make use of an expression so contrary to the rules of his conduct, as it might go forth to the world and be considered as his real motive.

Mr. SPARKES said that he had merely made use of the expression in a jest, and observed, with respect to the world's taking it for his real motive, that men must live in the world as it was.

Mr. JUSTICE PARK—Men should live in the world with perfect respect and high honor, or they had better not live in it at all.

M. DELAVAL has executed, for the FRENCH Chamber of Deputies, a picture representing Charles the Tenth taking the coronation oath in the Cathedral of Rheims. It is said to contain upwards of eighty portraits of distinguished individuals.

The total number of bankruptcies gazetted in LONDON, in the year 1828, was 1009; being fewer than in any year since 1824.—The number of insolvents has increased within the last three years.

BARON FANER has presented to the town of MONTPELLIER, in FRANCE, a magnificent Museum, said to be only inferior to that of PARIS.

Shortly after the battle of Waterloo, a LONDON paper published an extract of a letter from LORD WELLINGTON, in which he remarked that, "except a battle lost, nothing could be more melancholy than a battle won." An eye witness of the scene that produced this reflexion, furnishes the following commentary, in a narrative recently printed.

"The deed required no help; but thousands of wounded, who could not help themselves, were in want of every thing. One poor fellow, quite blind from a gash across his eyes, sat upright, gasping for breath, and murmuring, 'De l'eau! de l'eau!' The anxiety for water was indeed most distressing. The German 'Vander vasser' and the French 'De l'eau! de l'eau!' still sound in my ears. I am convinced that hundreds must have perished from thirst alone, and they had no hopes of assistance, for even humane persons were afraid to approach the scene of blood, lest they should be taken in requisition to bury the dead, almost every person who came near being pressed into that disgusting and painful service.

The packet ship *SILAS RICHARDS* arrived, yesterday, at NEW YORK, having left LIVERPOOL on the 24th of January. To our attentive correspondents of the MORNING HERALD, we are indebted for LIVERPOOL papers to the 23d and a DUBLIN journal of the 21st. No further important intelligence appears to have been received respecting the belligerents. The RUSSIAN EMPEROR is said to adhere to his resolution of refusing peace, without indemnity for the past and security for the future. CONSTANTINOPLE is represented as perfectly tranquil, in the midst of vigorous warlike preparations. Accounts from GIBRALTAR, to December 29, were highly favorable, no deaths or new cases having been reported for the last five days. Dr. PEX, the principal physician in the garrison, had published his opinion that contagion had ceased. The contents of the DUBLIN paper relate, almost exclusively, to the CATHOLIC question. O'CONNELL, it was said, intended to depart for LONDON on the 13th of February. The appointment of a new Lord Lieutenant was announced in the LONDON STANDARD of the 19th, but his name was withheld. Other papers named the Duke of NORTHAMPTON, but apparently without authority. In EDINBURGH, active searches were on foot, for the purpose of bringing to light every thing con-

ected with the detestable system of murder recently discovered. We have extracted, as usual, from the papers received, every thing likely to interest any class of our readers.

ITEMS.

About six o'clock, yesterday morning, a newborn infant, dead, and stark naked, was found lying in the dirt and snow, at the corner of Race and Water streets. Snow was falling, heavily, at the time.

A letter to the editors of the Baltimore Chronicle, dated Valparaiso, Dec. 6, 1828, says that flour is very dull at Lima; but that wheat, in Chili, this year, will probably not be under three dollars.

The office of master of the hospital, at Bristol, Eng. is vacant. Mr. Gallop is a candidate, to succeed Mr. Walker, who succeeded Mr. Hopper.

Smoking cigars is said to be the rage in London. A tragic actress, who visited this country some years ago, reported, on her return to England, that all the American ladies were addicted to chewing tobacco. We hope there is no more truth in the statement of a London paper, that well dressed women are seen in the streets puffing like the crater of a volcano.

On Sunday morning, Feb. 15, the citizens of Tallahassee were surprised to find two inches of snow on the ground. Such an occurrence had not previously been known since the settlement of middle Florida.

General Scott, being about to take up his residence near Petersburg, has been nominated as a member of the Virginia Convention.

The number of primary free schools, in Boston, is fifty-seven.

"Why don't you dance?" said a young lady to her friend. "I think it worth, and therefore I can't." "So you do, dear."

The sum of \$6000 has been appropriated, by the Virginia Legislature, for enlarging the public library.

They grow like Hydra's heads.—A theatre is to be opened at Alexandria, with Flynn as the manager, about the 20th.

According to a correspondent of the Baltimore Gazette, the Colombian army, under Flores, on the 9th November, lay at Guayaquil, while the Peruvian General La Mar, with 10,000 men, was at Pucra. Plenipotentiaries had arrived at Guayaquil, to negotiate, and only waited passports to proceed to Lima.

A day or two since a man engaged in blasting rocks, near the upper ferry bridge, was killed by the premature discharge of the blast.

The Legislature of Delaware, at its present session, has enacted a law, altering the mode of choosing electors in that state.—The General Ticket system is now adopted.

By a report from the Comptroller of the state of New York, it appears that \$170,000 of public money have been lost by loans to individuals. The Frederickburg Herald states that three cases of small pox had occurred in that place. Measures have been taken to prevent the extension of the disease.

The Great Bald Eagle sent as a present to General Jackson, died on its passage from New-York to Washington.

Fears are entertained in Easton, that Mr. William Smiley has been murdered between that place and a section of the Delaware canal—for which latter place he set out about 8 o'clock on the evening of the 27th ult. and has not since been heard of.

The way-mail between Charleston and Puyaburg, S. C. was recently cut off behind the sulkey. Some of the letters contained money.

1900 bushels of potatoes were raised by the garrison at Fort Gibson, on a 1-2-acre of ground the last season.

A resolution has passed the House of Assembly of Lower Canada, appropriating \$11,541 to build a Hospital for the reception of sick seamen, and levying a duty of 10 shillings per hundred tons on all vessels arriving at Quebec from sea, for the support of the Hospital.

The November English Packet not having arrived at Halifax on the 11th of February, the inference is that she has foundered at sea.

Both Houses of the Massachusetts Legislature have passed a bill repealing all laws exempting from taxation the polls and estates of Ministers of the Gospel, Officers of Colleges, &c. and also those which exempt machinery in cotton and woolen factories and sheep.

The Senate of Connecticut have confirmed the nomination by the President, of Nathan Smith, Esq. to be District Attorney for the State.

The late severe ice freshet in the river Schuylkill, has gone off without doing any injury to the locks of the Schuylkill Navigation Company.—The ice was 16 and 18 inches thick in some of the pools, and went off with great violence, occasioned by a heavy fall of rain on Monday last.

Eggs were selling in Washington city recently at eighty cents the dozen.

LATE FROM RUPOPE.
By the packet ship *Silas Richards*, arrived at New York.

RECALL OF THE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY.—A most numerous and respectable meeting of the citizens of Dublin was held at the Royal Exchange, on Friday, the Duke of Leinster in the chair, when an address to the Lord Lieutenant, deeply lamenting his recall, was adopted, and J. D. Latouche, the banker, and seconded by Mr. O'Connell. On Saturday two deputations, from different parishes in Dublin, the one headed by the Catholic Archbishop, Dr. Murray, and the other by Mr. O'Connell, waited upon the Lord Lieutenant with addresses expressive of the regret of the parishioners at his Lordship's recall. The noble Marquis returned the following admirable answer to the address read by Mr. O'Connell:

"I thank you most sincerely for the feelings which you have been pleased to address towards me. Believe me, that I meet them with the warmest affection for Ireland, with an earnest zeal for her prosperity, with the deepest gratitude for the generous kindness which I have experienced from the people. The sentiments which you express of loyalty to your Sovereign, and devotion to your country, will, I trust, be ever united in the hearts of all classes of His Majesty's subjects. The interests of the King, and those of his people are inseparable. The attachment of the people is the true strength and glory of the Crown; the due maintenance of the Royal Authority, the best security for the rights and liberties of the subject. In conducting the Government of Ireland, it has been my constant object to act with strict impartiality, to soothe political passions, to allay religious dissensions, and to promote peace and good will amongst all denominations of men. The spirit which breathes through the address with which you have honoured me, shows that you feelings corresponds with mine. In proportion as I wish to see general concord established, the union of the empire

commented, Protestants and Catholics incorporated, and rendered, as in other countries they are, one happy people, and thus that the King may be enabled to wield their united energies for the public good, so do I feel anxious, that the great question to which you refer should be met at last by a wise, liberal, and conciliatory adjustment. I am sanguine enough to hope, that this wished for consummation is at hand; and that to ensure it, it is only necessary for the people of Ireland to preserve their loyalty unshaken, to obey the law, to respect the constituted authorities of the State, and constantly to bear in mind the parental admonition of their Sovereign, when he departed from their shores. Although I must now take leave of you, my heart will ever be with Ireland; my humble services at her command, and her happiness will be mine."

DEBTS AND CHAPMAN.—At a meeting of the creditors, on Tuesday, Jan. 6, the balance-sheet was produced, of which the following is a summary:

Debts owing and outstanding,.....	£461,000
Assets to meet the same,.....	248,000

Deficiency,..... 133,000
It appeared that, since the commencement of this banking establishment, the bad debts had amounted to about £330,000. It was stated that the Crown claims were £33,520; for Gurley's Bills, £68,000. The capital in the sheet, was stated to be £110,000. The profits were stated to be £37,000.

PORTUGAL.—A private letter from Lisbon (via Paris) of the 27th ult. states that the island of Terceira has been so strongly fortified and well supplied with reinforcements of the Government, that it is believed that any attempt to an expedition the Miguel faction may send against it. The failure of the late expedition, and the return of the Don Juan VI. to Lisbon, has caused the officers and crews of the ships to be openly insulted in the streets by the populace. The Minister of Marine has also come in for a share of the public odium, by the failure of his attack on Terceira. The public feeling is daily manifesting a change in favour of the Constitutional party.

The first division of the Portuguese emigrants, consisting of troops of the line, 700 in number, sailed from Plymouth on Tuesday Jan. 6th. Their destination is nominally the Azores, but, in the first instance, it is supposed they will sail to the Azores. We understand that upwards of a thousand copies of the account of the young Queen's reception at Windsor, translated into Portuguese, have been printed here, and sent to be distributed in Portugal.

SHOCKING MURDER.—The Manchester paper contains a long and most savage and unnatural murder committed by a man named James Cliffe, a workman in the paper-manufactory of Mr. Crompton, at Collyhurst, near Manchester, on his wife, Catherine Cliffe. On the night of Friday, the 2d instant, he being absent from his family, and drinking at a public house, his wife went to fetch him home, and found him intoxicated, but he accompanied her home, beating and kicking her as he went. On arriving at home, the ruffian again beat her most violently, and stabbed her in the abdomen. The poor woman died the day afterwards, and the brutal husband was committed to Lancaster to stand trial for wilful murder.

DESTRUCTION OF AGRICULTURAL PROPERTY.—Several congregations of agricultural property, of wheat, barley, and oats, have lately taken place in Essex, and are confidently believed to have been the work of incendiaries. One fire at Saling consumed property to the amount of £200, and another at Finchingham to the amount of £1500.

DREADFUL ACCIDENT IN A MINE.—A letter from the Marquis of Anglesey, states, that on the 2d instant, a terrific explosion of fire damp took place in the mine-works of Logie Ross, at Matreot, just as the miners were entering the works. Forty men and thirty horses perished, and several of the poor people, who escaped the sad disaster, were severely wounded. Typhus fever has prevailed in Edinburgh for several days, and has been chiefly confined to the higher classes resident in the New Town. It is now rapidly abating.

LONDON, Jan. 21.
A letter from Ancona, dated December 20, in a German paper, states that the negotiations between the French and the English Cabinets, and the efforts of the British Government, to induce Greece, continue to go on favourably. The same letter adds, that General Maison, the French Commander in Greece, has stopped the works which he was executing for the defence of the Peninsula, leaving them to be performed by the Greek Government, and that the French troops have been ordered to return to France.

Vienna papers to the 9th instant, and Frankfurt papers to the 14th, reached us this morning. They contain accounts from the frontiers of Servia, dated the 28th of December, in which it is stated, that in consequence of the severity of the weather, all military operations had been suspended, and it has been found impossible to provision the Turkish fortresses according to the orders received from Constantinople.

The St. Petersburg papers of the 2d ult. contain news from the Russian Army in Asia, from which it appears that the advanced corps of that force have for some time acted on the defensive, have retreated, in Asia, as well as the East of Europe, the winter is said to be very severe, and a cessation of hostilities is reckoned on. The Russians appear to have maintained their more important conquests, and congratulate themselves on having been able to do so in spite of the incessant attacks of the Turks.

A great number of vessels, laden with all sorts of provisions, are said to have arrived at Constantinople, notwithstanding the blockade. The Berlin papers of the 1st instant, say that General Roth, before the army left the environs of Choulma, united under his command, all the troops of the 6th and 7th corps that have remained in Bulgaria, and has posted them in Varna, Paravadi, Cos, Londschik, Brantzik, and it seems that, in case of an attack, which is improbable, he has sufficient force to repel it.

A letter from Odessa puts beyond all doubt the reported loss of the Russian vessel Maria, with 200 sick and wounded on board, as well as twelve cannon, intended for Warsaw, and other military trophies, taken at Varna. This ship, one of the largest and best of her class in the Russian navy, appears to have been sunk immediately after another vessel anchored in the Bay of Bourgas.

GREECE.—The Greeks claim many considerable advantages over the Turks, both in Eastern and Western Greece. The following is a summary of some of the despatches received by the President, Capo d'Istria, from some of the Grecian Generals. Ypsilanti has just occupied, by capitulation, the chief town of Livadia, the garrison of which, consisting of 1000 Turks and Albanians, bound themselves not to bear arms against Greece during the present contest, and retreated towards Negropont and Zeleoni. Ypsilanti was marching towards Boetia. Grivas has occupied the Gulf of Preveza, and taken possession of forty-three Turkish vessels. General Dantzel occupies a position between the Gulf of Preveza and Lake Ambraciotia. General Church

has taken an important position. The Chilarich Tsavella has defeated a Turkish corps of 1200 men, out of which only 150 escaped, at Lomestico.

The *Moniteur*, a good authority, states, that Canes, the capital of Crete, is to be taken possession of by a body of British and French troops; and the *Courrier Francaise* describes a correspondence which took place between Admiral Malcom and the Pacha of Canes on the subject. We are hence led to infer that this once celebrated island will form a part of the Greek Republic.

The Pacha of Egypt, according to accounts from Smyrna of the 8th ult., is resolved to defend to the utmost the strong ports of Crete—Cyprus, Rhodes, Chios, and Smyrna are to be garrisoned also, and Ibrahim is expected to establish his headquarters at Smyrna.

An article from Corfu, dated the 4th of December, describes the Turks of Attica and Negropont as determined to make an obstinate resistance. The Garrison of Athens consists of 4000 irregular troops, and 6000 occupy the most important positions in other quarters.

It is stated, in a letter from Toulon, of the 4th instant, that the evacuation of the Morea by the French troops, began on the 22d ult. The 29th, 33th, and 46th Regiments, were to embark between the 23d and 27th ult. Toulon, and the rest of the expedition were to follow in succession, as transports arrived. Thus, the presence of French troops in Greece will no longer embarrass the mediation of the Allies for peace, nor render necessary any interference with the Greek forces north of the Morea.

The *Algemeine Zeitung* of the 5th January, contains an article from Ancona on the present position of Greece to the Morea and the Cyclades, which, as might be expected, cannot please all concerned. The Greeks themselves wish to have room and verge enough, in which they are seconded by the French; but the English Government, probably from motives of prudence, is anxious to restrict the Greek force, and the supplies received by land, through the ports of the Morea, will be more easily obtained.—An account from Toulon of the 1st instant states that the preparations for another maritime expedition are in a state of great forwardness. It is not known whether its destination is the Morea or Algiers.

On Saturday last, the 17th instant, there was an aggregate meeting of the county of Clare, held in Enna, for the purpose of preparing a petition to Parliament, and an address to the Marquis of Anglesey on his recall. Mr. O'Gorman Mahon was called to the chair, and, at the conclusion of the meeting, set off for Dublin, on the morning of the 18th.

On Sunday an adjourned meeting was held, the Right Rev. Dr. McMahon in the chair. On the motion of Mr. Steele, a resolution was carried unanimously, requesting Mr. O'Connell to postpone the attempt to take his seat in Parliament until the 14th day allowed for the presentation of petitions should have expired. The day last evening a meeting of the Catholics of the county and city of Cork was held in Cork, for the purpose of petitioning Parliament, and addressing the Lord Lieutenant. The chair was occupied by G. S. Derry, Esq. of Leamlara.

DEVONSHIRE ANTI-CATHOLIC MEETING.—This meeting was held at Exeter on Friday last, and was very numerous.

The High Sheriff, Langmead, Esq. took the chair, on his right stood the leading persons of the Cumberland party, Mr. Bastard, Sir Thomas Lethbridge, Sir M. Lopez, Sir W. Pole, Mr. Chichester, Lord Rolle, Mr. Fulford, and a number of magistrates and clergymen; and on the left, an aggregate meeting of the Catholics of the county and city of Cork was held in Cork, for the purpose of petitioning Parliament, and addressing the Lord Lieutenant. The chair was occupied by G. S. Derry, Esq. of Leamlara.

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ENTHRONING OF THE BISHOP OF LONDON.—On Saturday the enthronement of the Right Rev. Dr. Blomfield, as Bishop of London, was celebrated with great pomp in St. Paul's Cathedral. The service was performed by the Lord Bishop, assisted by a great number of the nobility and clergy, together with the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, in their state carriages, accompanied by two regimental bands, escorted the Bishop from St. Paul's to his residence in St. James's-square.

Between two and three hundred merchants and private individuals have transferred their accounts to the Bank of England, since the failure of Remington, Stephenson and Co.

Dr. Murray, and Messrs. O'Connell and Shiel afterwards had a private interview with his Excellency, in which he promised to use his most strenuous efforts in England for the fair and conciliatory adjustment of the Catholic claims.

At the meeting held on Friday, at the Royal Exchange, for the purpose of addressing the Marquis of Anglesey, there was an important fact stated by Mr. Morrison, the architect: "I had," said Mr. Morrison, "several orders from the Irish gentry to build mansions for them without delay, but on hearing that the Marquis of Anglesey was about to leave us, those orders were countermanded by them for that reason."

THE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY.—Lord Anglesey's crime was his fratricidal conspiracy, popular bearing. He was too much identified with the conquered and stranger nation: he belonged too little to the faction which held that nation in abhorrence, and was absorbed by it. "For God's sake," exclaimed a witty Irishwoman to Lord Anglesey, "don't make yourself so much beloved by us all: do something unpopular, that you may be left on a level with the rest of us." The Irish lady, in the cover of a witicism, implied a melancholy truth.—Times.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.—Advices from St. Petersburg to the 4th inst. assert, that no conflict whatever had taken place in Bulgaria, in consequence of the severity of the weather; and the Naremburg Courier, which contained a statement that a sanguinary battle had taken place near Varna, now denies that statement, and says that the Greeks in Wallachia disseminate such reports to serve their own purposes. In the neighbourhood of Bucarest, all the corn and forage have been consumed, with the exception of buckwheat. The plague is also said to have made its appearance amongst the Russians at Bucharest.

Letters from Berlin state that the Emperor Nicholas has rejected all the propositions made by the Allied Powers, with the view of bringing

about a peace; and that he still adheres to the declaration made at the commencement of the campaign, to be satisfied with nothing less than what he may deem complete satisfaction for the past, and security for the future. To these terms the Porte, encouraged by the result of the last campaign, is, of course, less likely to listen than it was previous to the breaking out of hostilities. In the meantime both parties are making strenuous preparations for commencing the next campaign as soon as the weather will permit of military operations. The Russians, it is said, mean to bring forward a force of 3 or 400,000 men, comprising a greater number of Cossack irregular troops than were employed last campaign, and being better organized, especially in the commissariat department, deficiencies and negligence in which have always been a point of weakness in Russian armies. It is difficult, however, to imagine how a defect of such long standing can be remedied immediately.

Letters from Odessa, to the 30th ult. mention the departure of thirteen sail of vessels, for Varna, with provisions and military stores;—and a Naremburg journal of the 5th inst. says, that the last advices from Constantinople mentioned the departure of Tchapan Oglou, from Anstolia, with very large reinforcements for the army of the Balkan. The Sultan, it is said, has commanded the Grand Vizier to use every exertion for the recapture of Varna, and all the fortresses south of the Danube, which have fallen into the hands of the Russians. We may, therefore, expect to hear of the speedy renewal of hostilities in the vicinity of Varna.

Intelligence from Constantinople, to the 19th of December, has been received through the Prussian and German journals, that on the 30th of November, and the 10th Port having severely felt the want of ships in the Black Sea, is represented as making every effort to equip an efficient squadron for the opening of the next campaign. The Russian blockade was so ill supported, and the supplies received by land, through the ports, were so abundant, that the price of bread had not risen in the capital.

The following is an extract of a letter of the agent at Lloyd's, dated Smyrna, December 3, respecting the blockade of Constantinople:—"Several Sardinian and Austrian vessels, with grain from Egypt, for Chios, have been detained here, having been sent back by the Russian blockading squadron at the Dardanelles. The Austrian Consul states that convey will be given to vessels of that flag now loading fruit, sugar, and coffee, for the capital; and he expects that the blockade will only be enforced against vessels with grain or warlike stores."

DESTRUCTION OF THE GLASGOW THEATRE BY FIRE.—On Saturday last, about twelve o'clock at noon, the Glasgow theatre was discovered to be on fire, and it continued burning till the whole was but one heap of ruins. The fire is supposed to have originated from an escape of gas. The theatre, we understand, was the largest of the kind out of London; and the loss, in value, was very great, and the lessee will be a severe sufferer. Fortunately, no lives were lost. The proprietors, it is said, were only insured to the amount of £5200.

Mr. Seymour, the manager, has lost every article of property he had in the house, amounting to £10,000, to no less than £8,000. The expense of erecting the Theatre was above £18,000, but it has always been much too large for this city, and ultimately diminished in value to about one third of its original cost. We understand the proprietors have it insured at £5,500 in the following offices: £2,500 in the North British; £2,000 in the Atlas; and £1,000 in the Scottish Union; but Mr. Seymour, we regret exceedingly, was not insured a single penny.—Glasgow Herald.

THEATRICAL REFORM.—Mr. Bunn, the manager of the Dublin Theatre, has given great offence to his principal performers, by withdrawing from them the privilege of playing the old songs that they please into plays. Mr. Melrose, in consequence, resigned his engagement, and returned to town. Miss Paton and two other stars are about to follow his example. It is highly desirable that the spirited and judicious conduct of Mr. Bunn should be followed by all managers, and that the play-going public should thus be freed from a most abominable nuisance.

GRAND JEWISH WEDDING.—The grand ceremony of marriage, according to the Mosiac law, took place on Thursday evening, Jan. 8th, between Mr. Moses Cohen, of Newington, Merchant, and Miss Elizabeth Hart, daughter of Mr. Benjamin Hart, of St. Mary-le Strand, Jew. The ceremony, which was an extremely imposing one, was celebrated at the residence of Mr. Hart, in Finsbury-square, by Mr. E. Levi, the Reader of the Synagogue, in Leadenhall-street. About 200 friends and relations were present, and covers were laid for that number in the several rooms of Mr. Hart's splendid mansion. The viands and the wines served up, were of the most costly description.

THE NATIONAL DEBT.—The national debt of the sixteen kingdoms, and forty-four principalities of Europe, amounts to seven hundred and forty-four millions sterling; while that of England alone amounts to seven hundred and seventy-seven millions.

RECORDED REPORT.—Yesterday week, the Recorder made his Report to the King in Council of the convicts capitally condemned at the Old Bailey Sessions, when all of them were reprieved, except James Colman, for robbing, and James Wheeler, for highway robbery, accompanied with personal violence.

MONEY SWINDLING.—A banker's clerk absconded last week with £200 of his employer's money. Report swelled the sum embezzled to £50,000, and it was stated as such in several of the morning papers.

MESSRS. REMINGTON, STEPHENSON, AND CO.—The debts of Remington, Stephenson and Co. are said to amount to £500,000, and the assets to reach £250,000. The property abstracted from the House by Stephenson is estimated at £70,000. The firm, it is conjectured, will pay 12s. in the pound.

MR. ROWLAND STEPHENSON.—No accounts have as yet been received from the Government vessels despatched from Plymouth for the purpose of intercepting Stephenson and Lloyd, but there is good reason for believing that should the Kingston touch at Madeira, these parties will be apprehended. Bishop and Ledbitter have returned to town from Plymouth, where they had remained some days, in the expectation of being ordered to proceed in one of the Government packets in pursuit of the Kingston. Nothing could have exceeded the exertions of these officers; and it is confidently stated, that had application been made to Bow-street, on the first notice of Stephenson's flight, he could not have escaped.

EDINBURGH MURDERS.

Burke denies ever having used surgical instruments in committing any of the murders to which he has confessed: nor does he know, he says, how such instruments came to be in his house, as he never saw them. This unhappy man is labouring under a disease (cancer) which must, in a short time, have proved fatal, even if his life had not been doomed to be the just sacrifice of his crimes.—The disease in question has been said by some of our contemporaries to have been occasioned by a laceration inflicted by the teeth of poor Daft Jamie in his death-struggle with his assassins. But this is a mistake. Burke has been labouring under the malady for nearly two years, and it is likely to be the consequence of, or at least so incapable of violent exertion that he was obliged to devolve upon Hare the principal part in effecting the murders. Accordingly, in the more recent instances he generally grappled the victims by the throat, mouth, and nostrils, while Hare threw himself upon the body; and in the case of Daft Jamie, it is now known that Hare bore the struggle with the poor idiot, whom Burke only assisted to finish when his diabolical confederate was likely to be overpowered. He mentions, as a proof of the intimacy subsist-

ing between him and Paterson, that the latter had been accustomed for more than a year to dress the cancerous sore with which he is afflicted. It was in an apothecary's shop, in the Southside that Burke first met the gentleman whom he afterwards supplied with subjects. So ignorant was Hare and he, at first, of the proper quarter in which to offer a "new-made" subject for sale, that, when they had one, they went about among some surgeon-apothecaries trying to dispose of it; and failing altogether in finding a market for the horrid commodity among them, they would probably have abandoned the traffic altogether had not accident, in the course of one of these nocturnal voyages of discovery, thrown Burke in the way of his future customer. After that the apothecaries were favored with no more visits,—no offers of an article they did not require, and most certainly would not have received from those miscreants, even if they had. On these exploratory excursions, Burke and Hare seldom or never, we believe, went in company. We have heard an anecdote of Hare, at this time, which we think worth communicating, because we have reason to believe our information authentic. The gentle went into the shop of a gentleman in the southern part of the city, and after some preface, asked him if he wanted any thing? "What do you mean by any thing?" "A body!" "Started someone by the offer, the gentleman in question replied, "Where did you get it?" "Never mind that," said Hare; "We know how to get as many as we want." At this stage of the conversation, a country lad, dressed nearly in the costume of a carter, entered the shop and asked for some common medicine, which having got and paid for he went away. Upon this Hare said, "If you wish to have this fellow, I could get him for you; he is a common scoundrel, but he is a good deal of a scoundrel. The gentleman to whom this was addressed thought the miscreant insane, or that he had been sent by some one to play off a coarse hoax upon him, and immediately ordered him out of the shop.—Glasgow Mercury.

On Monday, the 23rd inst., there was a public meeting of the inhabitants of Haddington, called, in consequence of a requisition addressed to the Provost, respectfully and numerously signed, to consider the late atrocious murders committed in Edinburgh, and the measures necessary to prevent the repetition of those crimes. Resolutions were adopted, expressing the satisfaction of the meeting at the proceedings of the Lord Advocate, in Scotland in the investigation of this business, and their hope that he would not cease in his exertions until he brought all concerned to justice.

The teachers of anatomy in this city were examined by the Lord Advocate on Monday. The subject of examination related to the mode of procuring dead bodies, and the disposal of the anatomists with those who bring them; but the particulars as might be expected, have not been suffered to transpire. Other examinations, with the view of probing the system to the bottom, have been going on in the presence of the Sheriff, and we are told, that there is a probability of some others of the individuals, concerned in the bloody trade, being brought to account for their misdeeds.—Scotsman.

The editor of the *Lancet*, in noticing the late murders at Edinburgh, says—"We have, ourselves, within a recent period, seen bodies brought into dissecting rooms, in this metropolis, exhibiting none of the appearances usually found in the bodies of persons who had died in a natural case, but with all the indications presented by the bodies of men who had died within a few hours, and in a state of perfect health. One head in particular—subjects are now frequently sold piecemeal—attracted our attention, and that of other gentlemen present. It was the head of a person of great size, and of a slight indication of disease could be traced; it was apparently the head of a man who had lived in health and vigour within a few hours. We could not learn from whence it was brought, nor how the man (from whose trunk it had been taken) had died. He might possibly have expired suddenly; but he might have been destroyed by his own life; but the late horrible disclosures prove, that he might also have been slaughtered for the price of his corpse."

A fresh investigation is in progress; the Lord Advocate himself attending the preoccupation. The *Edinburgh Weekly Journal* states, that the body of Hare being brought to trial, "for the murder of a servant of a reverend gentleman in this city, a crime committed by himself, at a time when Burke was in the country." The death of "Daft Jamie" is also thoroughly investigated, with a view to the punishment of those concerned. This is done in a session of his nearest kindred; and Mr. Jeffrey is retained for the prosecution.

SUBJECTS FOR DISSECTION.—Sir Richard Birnie, on Thursday, took occasion to observe, that he had received several anonymous letters, assuring him, in the most positive terms, that the plan for retaining subjects for dissection, as exposed by the trial of Burke at Edinburgh, was also practised in this metropolis. Mr. Beckett, a country magistrate, after looking over the anonymous correspondence, said, he had no doubt whatever of the truth of the statement they contained. The unaccountable appearance of several persons lately almost confined in Sir R. Birnie's said, he could scarcely bring himself to believe that statements contained in the letters which had been addressed to him. If these statements, however, were capable of proof, the persons by whom they had been made ought to loose no time in coming publicly forward for the purpose of having his head carried off from his body, in order that the parties implicated should be punished as they deserved.—London paper.

HORRIBLE PIRACY AND

